

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 13.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. JUNE 23, 1853.

NO. 35.

Published by Theodore Schoch.
TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a half per half year—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors, will be charged 75 cents per year, extra.
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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

An Incident from Life.

BY HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

Sick and weary on my pillow,
Life seemed but in mourning clad;
And though Spring had come in gladness,
Yet to me the world looked sad.
Hope was fluttering, broken-hearted,
Ready to pluck to take her flight;
Fleeing from the clouds of darkness
That had veiled this earth in night.

Then like sunlight through the lattice,
Came a merry, ringing voice,
Sweeping o'er my heart like music,
Bidding every chord rejoice:
"Mother, mother, here are wild flowers,
Gathered by the meadow brook;
And oh! see, I found some violets
In a quiet, shady nook."

"I will bring a dish and water,
And will place them by your bed;
On this desk, where you may see them
Every time you turn your head."
And my boy with ringlets golden,
Filled the vase, with busy care;
While as bright as stars at even
Seemed those flowers, blooming fair.

Sweet they spoke of vale and upland,
Flowing stream and forest shade;
And when sleep and dreams stole o'er me,
Long I wandered in the glade.
And, for days, that gift so trifling,
Shed a halo round my room,
Which, before, seemed lone and weary,
And oft shadowed o'er with gloom.

And I could find in this lesson:
That the poorest have the power
To confer the sweetest pleasure,
Be it but a transient flower.

Then let me murmur ever
That no wealth he has to give,
For a "cup of water" only
Oft had bade the thirsty live,
And was measured more in Heaven
Than the richest gifts of gold,
By that One who can the motives
Of the secret heart unfold.

A Kiss—Affecting.

With smiling lips and dancing eye
My wife desired a kiss,
A reasonable request, which I
By no means took amiss.

To grant her wish I sprung with haste,
But oh! most strange to tell,
Upon her rosy lips the taste
Was sweeter than the smell.

Although her soft white hand I pressed,
And in a loving way
Folded her warmly to my breast,
I turned my nose away.

My wife—a spunky piece of stuff,
As everybody knows—
Dreaded of me, in a huff,
What made me curl my nose!

Sigs I, why nearly every day,
You sweet, yet naughty sinner,
You will, in spite of all I say,
Eat Onions for your dinner.

EPITAPH.

Here, crumpling, lies beneath the mould,
A man whose sole delight was gold:
Content was never once his guest,
Though thrice ten thousand filled his chest,
For he, poor man, with all his store,
Died in great want—the want of more.

Punch is a good doctor at times.
He gives the following for the benefit of
wax-wearers: "Put your mouth close
to a wart, and tell it in a whisper that if
it will not go away you will burn it out
with caustic. If it does not take the hint,
it is good as your word."

Recently a gentleman sat down to write
a letter, and began with: "Know one woman
by these presents." "You are wrong,"
said a bystander; "it ought to be 'Know
all men.'" "Very well," answered the oth-
er, "if one woman knows it, all men will,
of course."

A country fellow came to the city
to see his intended wife, and for a long
time could think of nothing to say. At
last a great snuff taking he took occasion
to tell that his father's sheep would all be
done— "Well," said she, kindly, tak-
ing him by the hand, "I'll keep one of
them."

The Poor Lawyer.

The Knickerbocker Magazine some
years ago contained Washington Irving's
"Early experience of Ralph Ringwood."
This exciting story was well termed by
the editor "a species of Mountjoy of the
west," for the lovers of Ralph Ringwood
are scarcely less poetical than those of
Mountjoy himself. Here is the first in-
troduction to the lovely maiden who was
to have so great an influence on his after
life:—

"I had taken my breakfast and was
waiting for my horse, when, in passing
up and down the piazza, I saw a young
girl seated near the window, evidently a
visitor. She was very pretty, with au-
burn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed
in white. I had seen nothing of the kind
since I had left Richmond; at that time I
was too much of a boy to be struck by a
female beauty. She was so delicate and
dainty looking, so different from the
hale buxom brown girls of the woods—
and then her white dress! it was so daz-
zling! Never was a poor youth so taken
by surprise, and suddenly bewitched.
My heart yearned to know her, but how
was I to accost her? I had grown wild
in the woods, and had none of the habi-
tudes of polite life. Had she or any
other of my leathern dressed belles been
like Peggy Pugh or Sally Pigman, the
pigeon roost, I should have ap-
proached her without dread; nay had she
been fair as Shurt's daughters with their
looking-glass lockets, I should not have
hesitated; but that white dress, and these
auburn ringlets, and blue eyes, and de-
licately looks quite daunted while they fa-
cinated me. I don't know what put it into
my head, but I thought all at once I would
like to kiss her! It would take a long
acquaintance to arrive at such a boon,
but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery.
Nobody knew me here. I would
just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my
horse and ride off. She would not be the
worse for it; and that kiss—oh, I should
die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for thought to cool, but
entered the house and stepped lightly into
the room. She was seated with her
back to the door, looking out of the win-
dow, and did not hear my approach. I
tapped her chair, and as she turned and
looked up I snatched as sweet a kiss as
ever was stolen, and I vanished in a twink-
ling. The next moment I was on horse-
back, galloping homeward, my very heart
tingling at what I had done."

After a variety of amusing adventures,
Ringwood attempts the study of law, in
an obscure settlement in Kentucky, where
he delved night and day. Ralph pursues
his studies, occasionally argues at a de-
bating society, and at length becomes quite
a genius, and a favorite in the eyes of the
married ladies of the village.

"I called to take tea one evening with
one of these ladies, when to my surprise
and somewhat to my confusion, I found
with her the identical blue-eyed beauty
whom I had audaciously kissed. I was
formally introduced to her, but neither
of us betrayed any signs of previous ac-
quaintance except by blushing to the eyes.
While tea was getting ready, the lady of
the house went out of the room to give
some directions and left us alone. Heav-
ens and earth, what a situation! I
would have given all the pittance I was
worth, to have been in the deepest dell of
the forest. I felt the necessity of saying
something in excuse for my former rudeness:
—I could not conjure up an idea,
nor utter a word. Every moment mat-
ters were growing worse. I felt one time
tempted to do as I had when I robbed
her of a kiss—bolt from the room and
take to flight; but I was chained to the
spot, for I really longed to gain her good
will.

At length I plucked up courage on see-
ing her equally confused with myself, and
walking desperately up to her, I exclaimed:

"I have been trying to muster up some-
thing to say, but I cannot. I feel that I
am in a horrible scrape. Do have pity
on me and help me out of it!"

A smile dimpled about her mouth, and
played among the blushes of her cheek.
She looked up with a shy but arch glance
of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic
recollections; we both broke into a laugh
and from that moment all went on well.

Passing the delightful description which
succeeded, we proceeded to the denouement
of Ringwood's love affair—the mar-
riage and the settlement.

"That very autumn I was admitted to
the bar, and a month afterwards was
married. We were a young couple, she
not much more than sixteen and I not
quite twenty, and both almost without a
dollar in the world. The establishment
was well suited to our circumstances; a
low house with two small rooms, a bed,
a table, a half a dozen chairs, a half dozen
spoons—everything by the half dozens;
a little delph ware, everything in a small
way; we were so poor, but then so happy.

We had not been married many days
when a Court was held in the county town
about twenty-five miles distant. It was
necessary for me to go there, and put my-
self in the way of business—but how was

I to go? I had expended all my means
on our establishment, and then it was hard
parting with my wife so soon after mar-
riage. However, go I must. Money
must be made, or we would soon have
the wolf at our door. I accordingly bor-
rowed a little cash, and rode off from my
door leaving my wife standing at it, and
waving her hand after me. Her last
look, so sweet and becoming, went to my
heart. I felt as if I could go through fire
and water for her. I arrived at the
county town on a cool October evening.
The inn was crowded, for the court was
to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a
stranger, a mere youngster, was to make
way in such a crowd, and to get business.
The public room was thronged with all
the idlers in the country who gather on
such occasions. There was some drink-
ing going forward, with a great noise and
a little altercation. Just as I entered
the room, I saw a rough bully of a fellow,
who was partly intoxicated, strike an old
man. He came swaggering by me, and
elbowed me as he passed. I immediately
knocked him down, and kicked him into
the street. I needed no better intro-
duction. In a moment I had a half a dozen
rough shakes of the hand and invita-
tions to drink, and found myself quite a
personage in this rough assemblage.

The next morning the Court opened—
I took my seat among the lawyers, but
felt as a mere spectator, not having any
idea where business was to come from.—
In the course of the morning a man was put
to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit
money, and was asked if he was ready for
trial. He had been confined in a place
where there were no lawyers, and had
not had an opportunity of consulting any.
He was told to choose from the lawyers
present, and be ready for trial on the fol-
lowing day. He looked around the court
and selected me. I could not tell why he
should make such a choice. I, a beardless
youngster, unpractised at the bar, perfect-
ly unknown. I felt diffident yet delight-
ed, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the Court, he gave me
one hundred dollars in a bag as a retaining
fee. I could scarcely believe my senses,
it seemed like a dream. The heaviness
of the fee spoke but lightly in favor of
his innocence—but that was no affair of
mine. I was to be advocate, not judge
or jury. I followed him to jail, and learn-
ed from him all the particulars of the case;
from thence I went to the Clerk's office,
and took minutes of the indictment. I
then examined the law on the subject, and
prepared my brief in my room. I occu-
pied me until midnight, and then went
to bed and tried to sleep. I was awak-
ened. A host of thoughts were rushing
through my mind. A lady had no need to
be afraid of me. I had no need to be
without much oversight; which
many painful mistakes and omis-
sions. She was one of the sort who al-
ways entertain their friends with the faults
of their servants, and was perpetually left
to wonder why the highest wages did not
secure the best of domestic economy.—
Again and again she talked the mat-
ter over with her own daughter, with no
satisfactory conclusion; there were others
of her acquaintance who knew no such
troubles; but alas, they erred in the first
principles of right action. They were
never happy, and yet they were all the
time expending profusely to become so.

About this time Arabella, the eldest
daughter, was sent to visit a friend who
was a most systematic and judicious house-
keeper. Everything in Mrs. Wiseman's
family affairs went on like clock-work.—
There was no changing of help, no out-
cry about misplaced articles, no jargon
about unfilled duties, but a quiet harmo-
nious action pervaded the whole dwelling.
To Arabella it was a perfect mystery;
she sought to solve it by attentive obser-
vation. The mother of the family seemed
always deeply engaged, never sauntering
and fretting over work which might have
been executed while doing so; the young
ladies, too, never rung the bells for the
supply of wants when they could as well
help themselves; the father was never in
a state of anxiety whether, if he took a
friend home with him, the apparent dis-
order would not be manifest; but a large
hospitality sweetened the plain but health-
ful and well-cooked fare, so that visitors
and home-bodies were alike made cheer-
ful. Then everything was so delightfully
fitted to yield the greatest amount of com-
fort; the inquiry what the times demand-
ed as constituting "gentility," was never
made; there was no seamstress in the fam-
ily, consequently the family work-basket
of unmade and unmade clothes was un-
der Mrs. Wiseman's charge, who ap-
portioned to each of her daughters their fit-
ting share, and everything was thus kept
well adjusted. Besides, the young ladies
were thus relieved from those seasons of
listless ennui when the fancy takes such
random strides, and a restlessiveness ensues
which change alone dissipates; for Mrs.
Wiseman judged truly that the employ-
ment of these vacant moments kept the
mind in a sound state; so, without being
overtasked, everybody in the house had
their appropriate occupations.

To Arabella, this change seemed like
an earthly paradise. Every day she
grew an attentive observer of the secret
charm which worked so beautifully, and
as she contrasted it with the rough-and-
tumble discipline of her own home, she
saw so much to regulate on her re-
turn, that she really dreaded to do so.—

day night, when the Court closed, and I
had paid my bill at the Inn, I found my-
self with an hundred and fifty dollars in
silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and
a horse that I afterwards sold for two
hundred dollars more.
Never did a miser gloat more on his
pelf and with more delight. I locked the
door of my room, piled the money in a
heap upon my table, and walked around it,
sat with my elbows on the table, and
my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon
it. Was I thinking of the money? No
—I was thinking of my little wife and
home.
Another sleepless night ensued, but what
a night of golden fancies and splendid
air-castles. As soon as morning dawned
I was up, mounted the borrowed horse
with which I had come to Court on, and
led the other which I had received as a
fee. All the way I was delighting myself
with the thoughts of surprise I had in
store for my little wife; for both of us had
expected nothing, but that I should spend
all the money I had borrowed and should
return in debt.
Our meeting was joyous, as you may
suppose; but I played the part of an Indian
hunter, who, when he returns from the
chase never for a time speaks of his suc-
cess. She had prepared a snug little rus-
tic meal for me, and while it was getting
ready, I seated myself at an old fashion-
ed desk in one corner, and began to count
over my money and put it away. She
came to me before I had finished, and
asked me who I had collected money for.
For myself, to be sure, replied I with
affected coolness; I made it at Court.
She looked me for a moment in the
face incredulously. I tried to keep my
countenance and play the Indian, but it
would not do. My muscles began to
twitch; my feelings all at once gave way,
I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried,
and danced about the room like a crazy
man. From that time forward we never
wanted for money.

From the Flag of our Union.
Keeping up with the Times.
BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.
It is one of the hardest conditions of
humanity, this keeping up with the times.
The Grimmer family found it so—and
although Mr. Gershom Grimmer was a
good business man, and realized a fair
profit, yet it took all he could get to car-
ry out the above idea; so that when he
remarked, "he should never leave his chil-
dren any money to spend," the assertion
was never doubted. Some people imag-
ine that the times, however, have a far greater
influence upon them than is really the case.
In Mrs. Grimmer's case, the influence was
not so great. She had erroneous
notions of the value of money, and of the
importance of labor, that hired ser-
vants to accomplish all kinds of need-
ful work without much oversight; which
many painful mistakes and omis-
sions. She was one of the sort who al-
ways entertain their friends with the faults
of their servants, and was perpetually left
to wonder why the highest wages did not
secure the best of domestic economy.—
Again and again she talked the mat-
ter over with her own daughter, with no
satisfactory conclusion; there were others
of her acquaintance who knew no such
troubles; but alas, they erred in the first
principles of right action. They were
never happy, and yet they were all the
time expending profusely to become so.

However, her visit was ended, and she
was welcomed back—but what strange
and discordant scenes presented them-
selves! All the family were mere skele-
tons; they fretted life away in devising
schemes which could yield no satisfaction.
Her mother on her return was busy with
an architect, planning the perfect model
for a new country house, and the sisters
were anxious to gain the first sight at
some newly imported broadsides, spending
their days in contriving how they could
make the most magnificent display. Then
the father was so overrun with business,
and so fearful he should err in some fas-
hionable requirement, yet not daring to re-
lax his efforts, to keep rich, because the
times demanded such a heavy outlay,
that his peace of mind was continually
disturbed. The kitchen, too, was in con-
tinual uproar; nobody understood their
particular work, consequently a great
part of all the labor was omitted, and gos-
sip and slander reigned from the attic to
the cellar!

Arabella was heart-sick at the discom-
fort of her own home, and resolutely set
to work to amend the state of affairs.—
But as she was undisciplined, of course the
task was more severe. Still she secured
all their approbation, since they were all
selfish enough to desire to be happier than
mere money made them. In the first
place she laid great stress upon industry,
setting it down as a fixed rule that every
one should be appropriately occupied.—
Those gaping sisters, who only sauntered
over a morning walk, & returned in season
to dress to receive calls from gentlemen,
were taught how much more happily they
could be employed in making their own
garments, and keeping themselves alterna-
tely supervising the domestic affairs.—
By this means the labors of a seamstress
were dispensed with, which saved a vast
deal of fault-finding, each now being re-
sponsible for bad sewing. A new set of
domestics became necessary under this
new system, and the training of them was
entrusted to Arabella on her model scheme.
She required not so many as formerly,
and thereby found much more accomplish-
ed by proper supervision. The house be-
gan to assume a more tidy aspect; there
was a quiet discharge of labor, and all
were so gratified with the change, that the
home became the admiration of their most
intimate friends.

Not as quickly as we have written the a-
bove, however, was the change effected.
Yet time worked rapidly in displacing
what the open vision now saw was needful,
and the Grimmers were as fast rising
in popularity among their old friends as
their improvements rendered them useful;
clearly proving that the times never demand
an outlay of one's happiness to the shrine
of vanity, nor any compromise with one's
effort to be useful. In the course of events
all the daughters were eligibly married,
and became mistresses in their own homes
—their parents became gradually chang-
ed, with their children, and grew more
quiet as they mingled in "genteel" soci-
ety; yet not one of the number ever forgot
their indebtedness to Arabella's visit to
the Wisemans; and in the hope some fam-
ily who are struggling to keep pace with
the wants of the age, may find one mem-
ber in it who will enquire what the times
demand of them, we have detailed the im-
provements in the Grimmer family.

A Remarkable Dog.

Our credulity was somewhat shaken by
reading the following dog story by a cor-
respondent of the New York Sun:—

The engineer on board the steamer
West Newton, has a dog whose astonish-
ing sagacity I have never seen equalled.
He apparently knows all that is said to
him; his master talks to him as to human
being; if reproved, the dog weeps bitterly;
if commended, he evinces the warmest
satisfaction. If a duck or goose, or a dozen
of them be shot in the water, he will
bring them ashore, and when he thinks he
has brought them all, he will look wish-
fully to see if his master is satisfied. If
told that one was missing, away he darts,
nor will he return without it. When
hunting, on coming to the track of his
game, he will stop for a moment, then run
to his master, takes him by the pantloons,
lead him to the track, then look up as
though asking what he should do. Once
told to go on, he will follow in the track
day and night till he arrives at the par-
ticular game sought. His master one day
lost his steel powder flask, the strings
having given away; he did not miss it till
he got home; concluding he must have
dropped it about five miles distant, he sent
his dog in quest of it; being absent long-
er than he expected, his master felt al-
larmed and went in pursuit of his dog.—
Arriving at the place where he supposed
the flask must have dropped, he found
the dog pawing and pushing the flask a-
long with his fore paws and nose; he had
taken the wrong end of the string; and
they consequently came out of the loop,
and nothing could induce the dog to take
a smooth piece of iron between his teeth.

This dog is often sent with a basket in
his mouth to the butcher's. He will set
his basket down at the butcher's feet, then
go to the kind of meat required, be it
beef steak, mutton chop, venison or veal,
that particular thing will he have and
nothing else; the butcher cannot deceive
him. No inducement will make him
touch the basket till the right kind of
meat is in it. If sent for eggs, and told
to get a dozen, he will not be put off with
eleven, and what is more remarkable, he
will not take a bad egg. He smells them,

and if one is bad, that one has to come
out—he will not take it, nor will he take
a piece of bad meat. He takes letters to
the post office and puts them in the box.—
If the postage is to be paid the money is
put in paper, and he carefully delivers
both letter and money to the proper per-
son. When sent for letters, he sets up
a howl at the window nor does he cease
till the Postmaster gives him a letter or
informs him that there are none. If di-
rected to bring a letter and a newspaper
he offered he will reject it and vice versa.
He implicitly obeys orders. His master
lives on one side of the Mississippi and
owns a track of land on the other, conse-
quently, he frequently crosses over it in a
skiff to work. On returning one night
he missed his waistcoat, having left it in
the field. He told the dog to go for it,
and the noble animal instantly swam over,
got the vest fixed it in his mouth and
returned with it, having scarcely allowed
it to track the water. We have tried in
vain to purchase this faithful servant, but
his owner refuses to set a price on him.

Agricultural.

From the Farm Journal.

Polishing Plows.

The application of Sulphuric acid, di-
luted with its own weight of water, to the
mould-board of the plow, and allowing it
to remain on the iron twenty-four hours,
would be calculated to eat the surface in-
to holes, and destroy the iron. Dilute
Sulphuric acid will not dissolve the oxides
of iron; but will destroy the metal.
If those who wish to spare themselves
the trouble of polishing a rust mould-
board, will have recourse to muriatic acid,
(quite as cheap an article,) they will find
that this acid will not touch the iron, but
will render the rust soluble and easily re-
moved. I would not advise allowing the
surface to remain moist with any acid
twenty-four hours. Muriatic acid will do
the work in five minutes—and should be
either washed off, or cleansed by running
through the soil without delay.
G. B. B. Gwynedd.

Kidney Complaint in Horses.

A cor-
respondent of the Maine Farmer says:
"If any one inquires of you what will
help or cure a horse that is troubled with
the kidney complaint, or stoppage of the
water, you can recommend fir bark, with
the blisters or balsam attached to the
same. Steep the same thoroughly, and
give the horse one or two quarts of liquor
or mix it with oats and meal, and give.—
I have tried this remedy and never had it
fail."

To Preserve Fence Posts.

In so important a branch of farming,
we endeavor to give everything that may
have a beneficial tendency. A writer,
E. H., in the RURAL NEW YORKER
speaks confidently of the following plan
of preserving posts:—"I prepare my posts
for setting and then let them season.—
I then take cold tar and paint them with
three coats of the same. I paint the post
from above four inches above where they
set in the ground to the bottom, and the
end that sets in the ground also,—putting
the paint on hot. A gentleman informed
me that he had known a fence set in this
way that had stood forty years, and was
as permanent then as at first. I think
this way is much easier and cheaper than
lime, and more durable."

Work for the Month.

FARM.—The corn and potato crops
now require particular attention. The
latter may still be planted. This month
is a very important one for the corn. The
early growth should be stimulated as much
as possible, by thorough and repeated
passage of the cultivator, which should
not be stopped till harvest time. Super-
phosphate of lime, a compost of Guano
and plaster, with a sufficient amount of
soil, to prevent its caustic effect. Poud-
rette or ashes, should be applied to each
hill, and well stirred in. In cool morn-
ings, the cut worm will be active. We
have found fall ploughing generally a suf-
ficient preventive. A dressing of salt,
five or six bushels to the acre, before
planting, is a security, and has also a fer-
tilizing effect, particularly where the soil
contains lime. If these have been neg-
lected, we know of no remedy but con-
stantly stirring round the hills, and apply-
ing fertilizers to push it forward. When
settled warm weather comes on, with a
hot sun, his occupation is gone. The
plough should never be seen inside the
corn field after it is planted.
Place lumps of rock salt in field, so
that cattle, sheep and horses may have
access to it at pleasure.
Latter part of this month, hay, particu-
larly where clover predominates may be
cut. When the blossom has assumed a
brownish hue it is time to commence.—
Hay should not be stirred often in the
field, as its quality is injured by too much
drying. Salt spread over the mow, pre-
vents danger from heating. A good re-
volving horse rake, will render hand rakes
entirely unnecessary, and save time and
labor.
Herbs for drying should be gathered,
as they are beginning to come into flower,
and laid in the shade, so as to dry grad-
ually.—[Farm Journal.

A man wants just so much knowl-
edge as he has the wisdom to use. Eat
no more than you can digest.